



IS IT TRUE, MAJOR, THAT
THE TOP SERGEANTS ARE
THE REAL BRAINS
OF THE ARMY?

NO. 2
10c



HARRY "A" CHESLER JR.
FEATURES SYNDICATE, N. Y.

A REMINGTON
MORSE PUBLICATION

THE HIT PARADE OF FUN AND FROLIC

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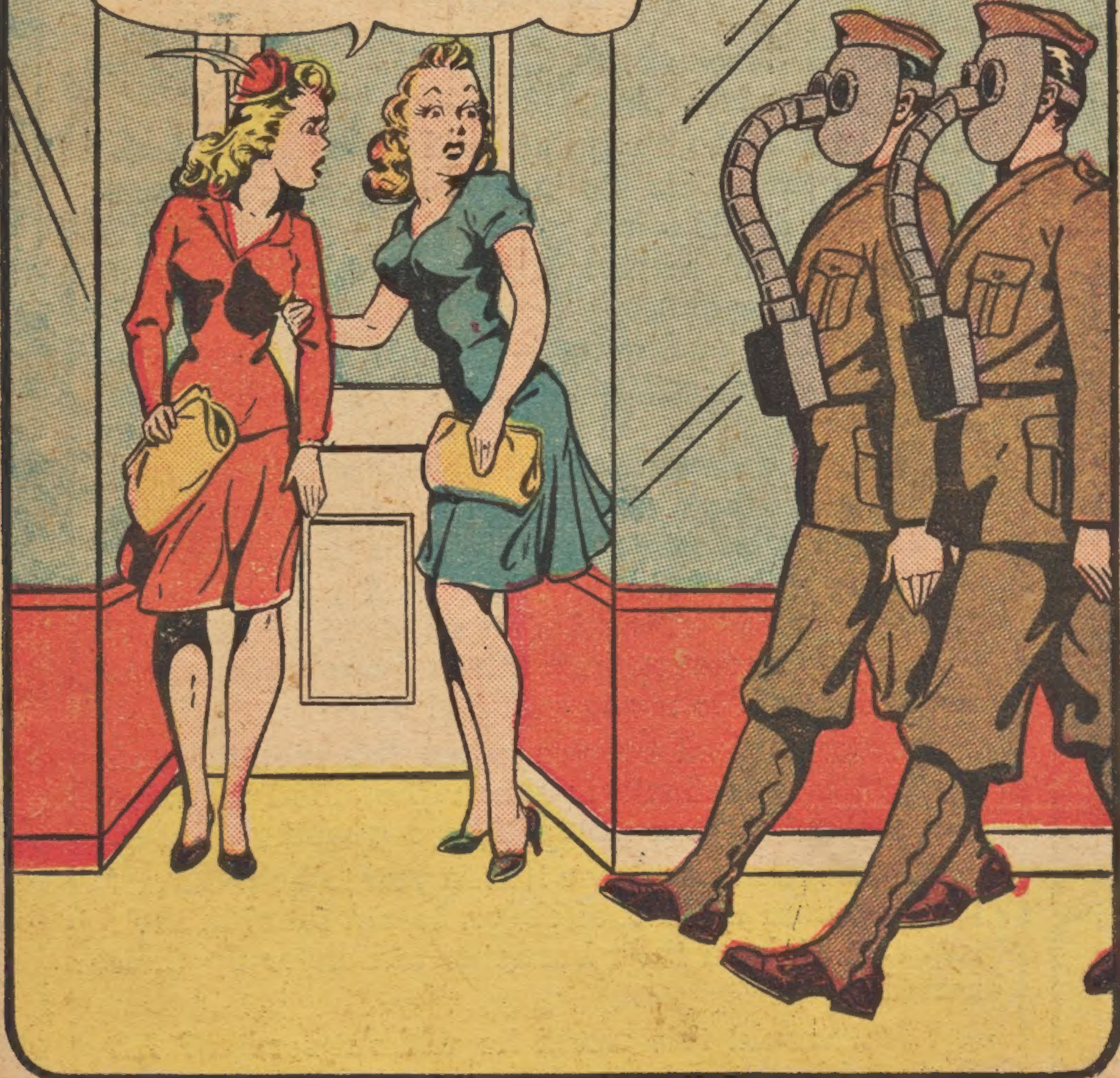
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MAME - THEY DON'T MEAN
ANYTHING PERSONAL

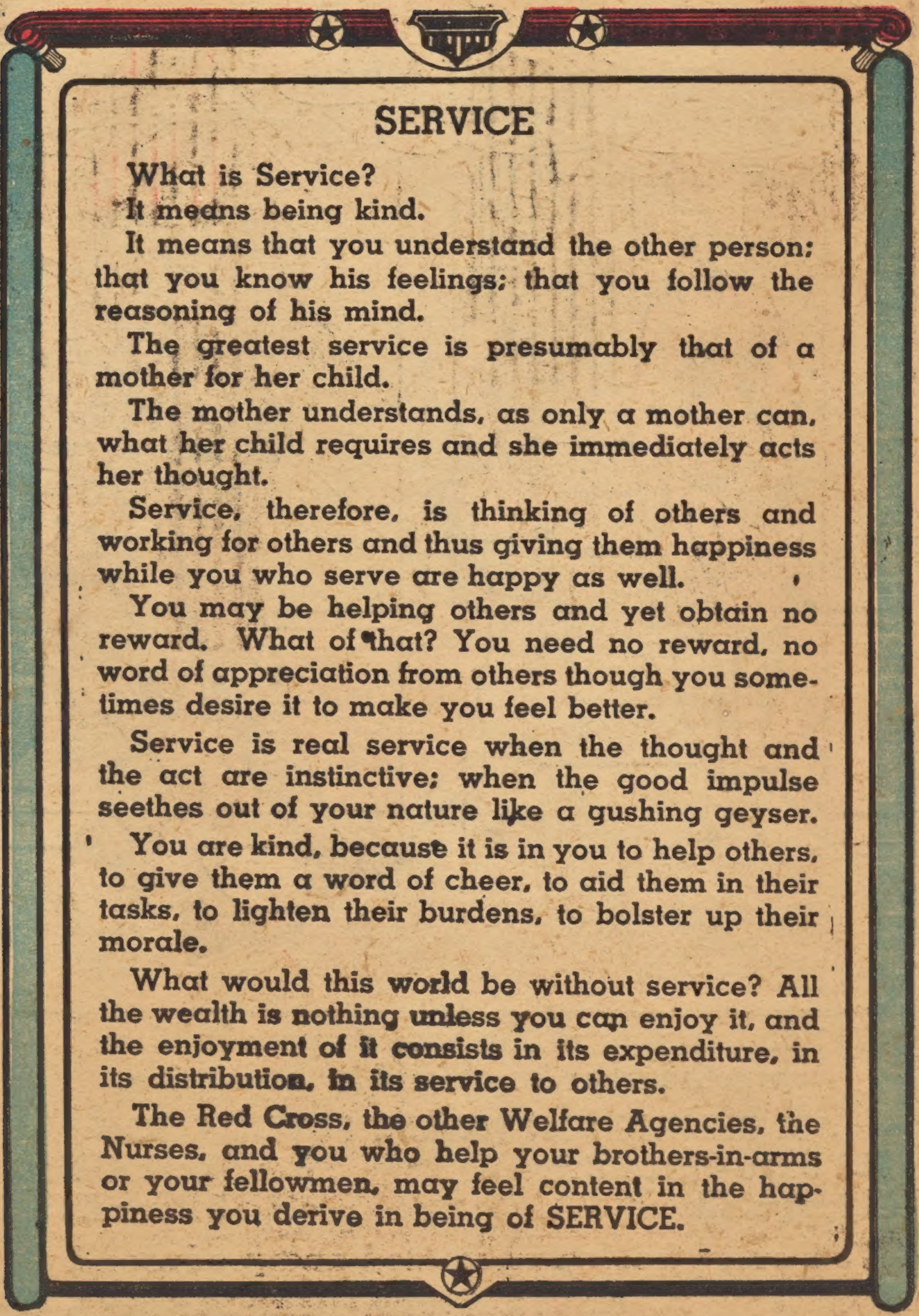


Send a copy of this book to your brother,
sweetheart or boy friend in the service.

A REMINGTON MORSE PUBLICATION
686 Lake Shore Drive
Chicago, Ill.

New York Office
2 Park Ave.

This entire book was created and produced by
HARRY "A" CHESLER JR. FEATURES SYNDICATE
163 West 23rd St. New York



SERVICE

What is Service?

It means being kind.

It means that you understand the other person; that you know his feelings; that you follow the reasoning of his mind.

The greatest service is presumably that of a mother for her child.

The mother understands, as only a mother can, what her child requires and she immediately acts her thought.

Service, therefore, is thinking of others and working for others and thus giving them happiness while you who serve are happy as well.


You may be helping others and yet obtain no reward. What of that? You need no reward, no word of appreciation from others though you sometimes desire it to make you feel better.

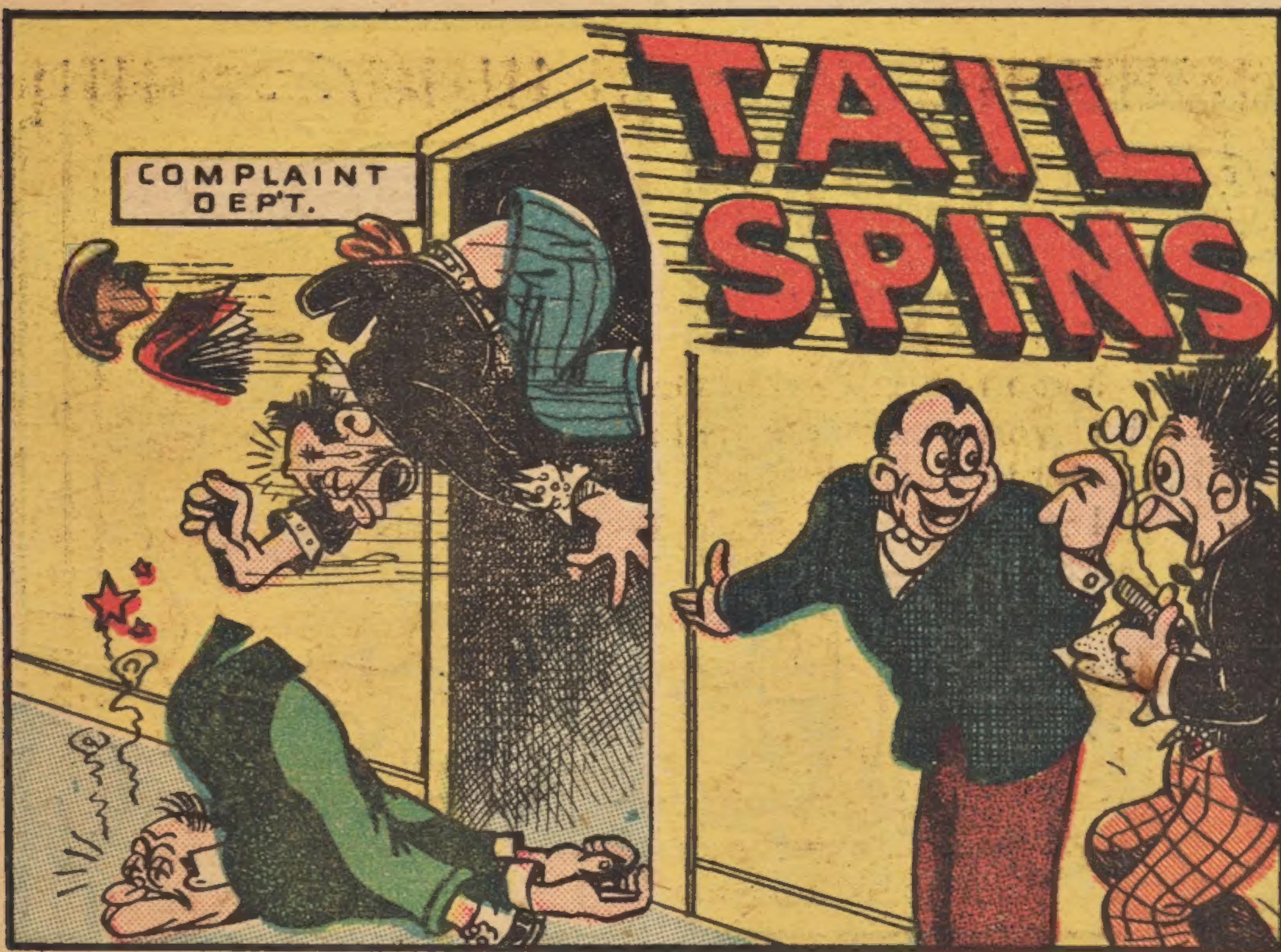
Service is real service when the thought and the act are instinctive; when the good impulse seethes out of your nature like a gushing geyser.

You are kind, because it is in you to help others, to give them a word of cheer, to aid them in their tasks, to lighten their burdens, to bolster up their morale.

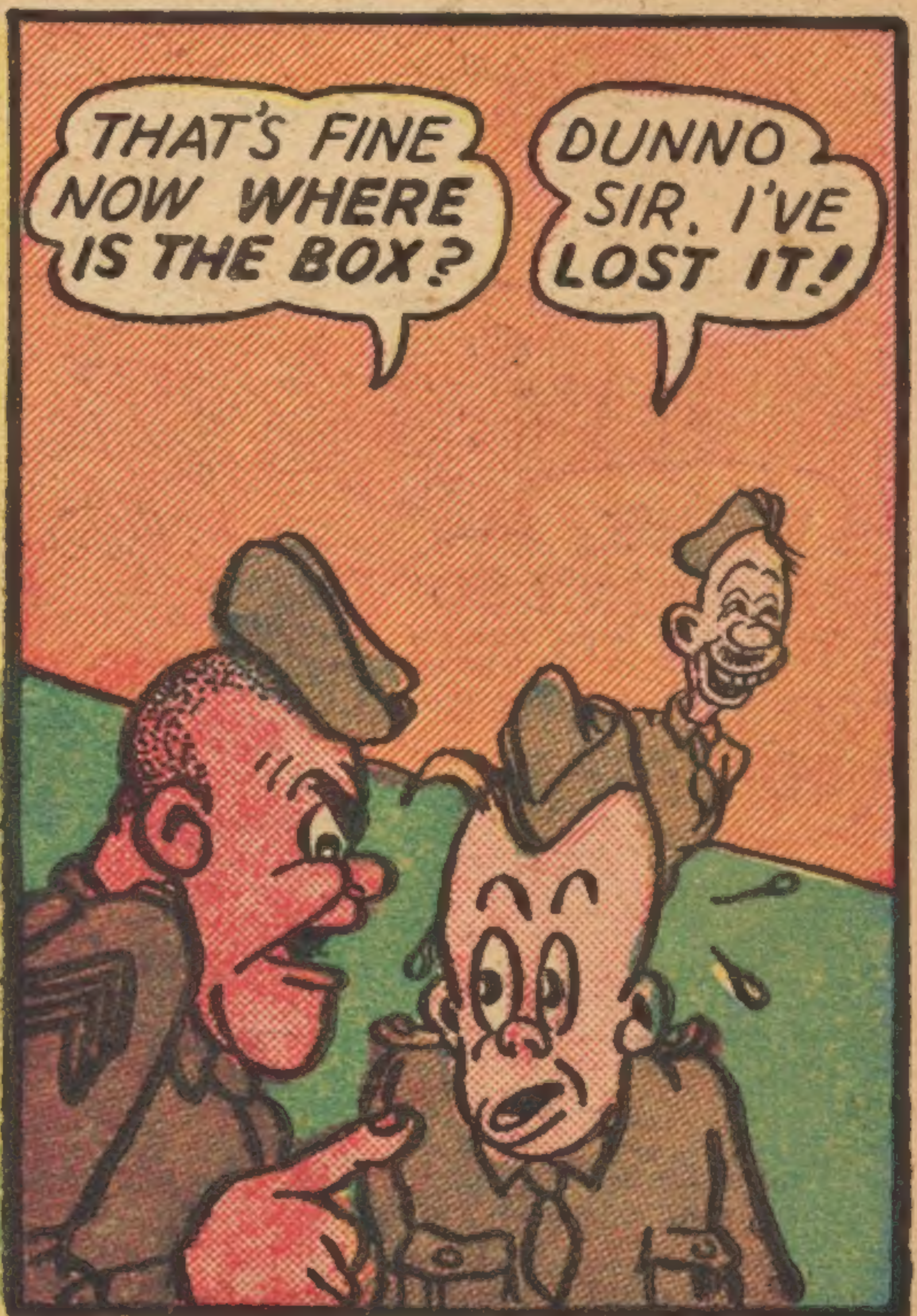
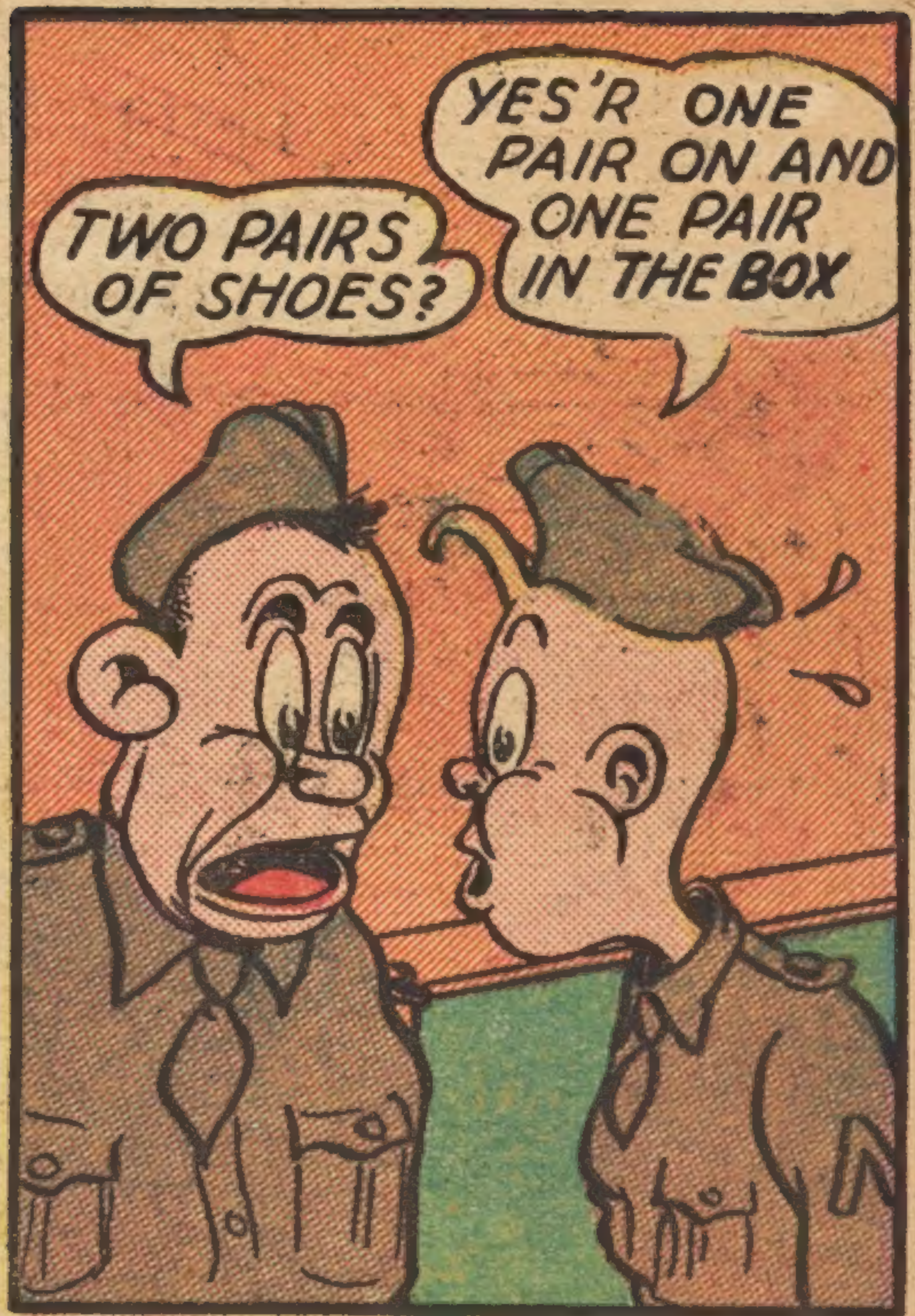
What would this world be without service? All the wealth is nothing unless you can enjoy it, and the enjoyment of it consists in its expenditure, in its distribution, in its service to others.

The Red Cross, the other Welfare Agencies, the Nurses, and you who help your brothers-in-arms or your fellowmen, may feel content in the happiness you derive in being of SERVICE.





PRIVATE BILL



I'LL HAVE TO QUIT NOW,
BOYS. MY CONSCIENCE
IS BOTHERING ME!



PRIVATE BILL



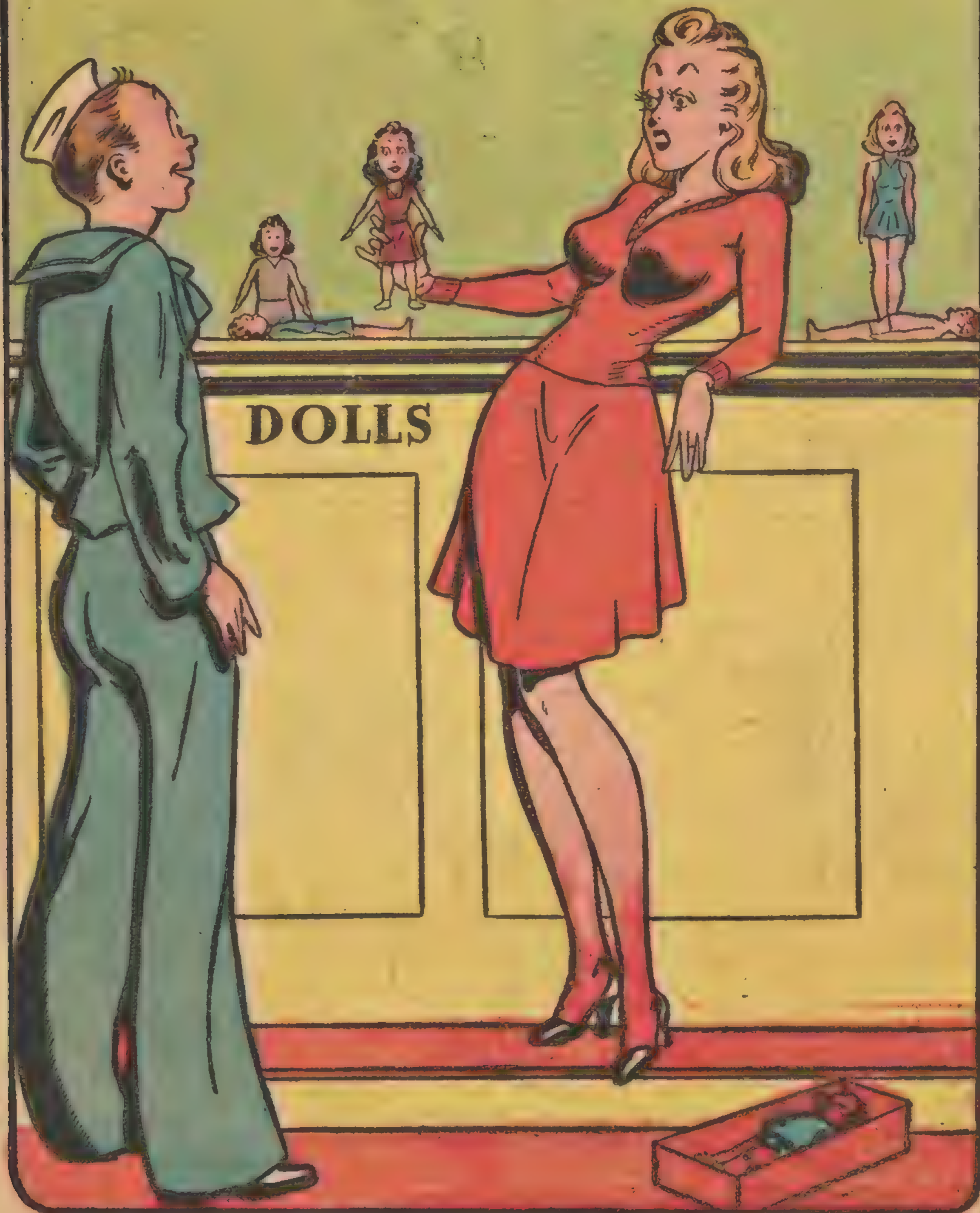
... A REALISTIC SERMON!
I NEVER KNEW HELL UNTIL
I HEARD YOU!



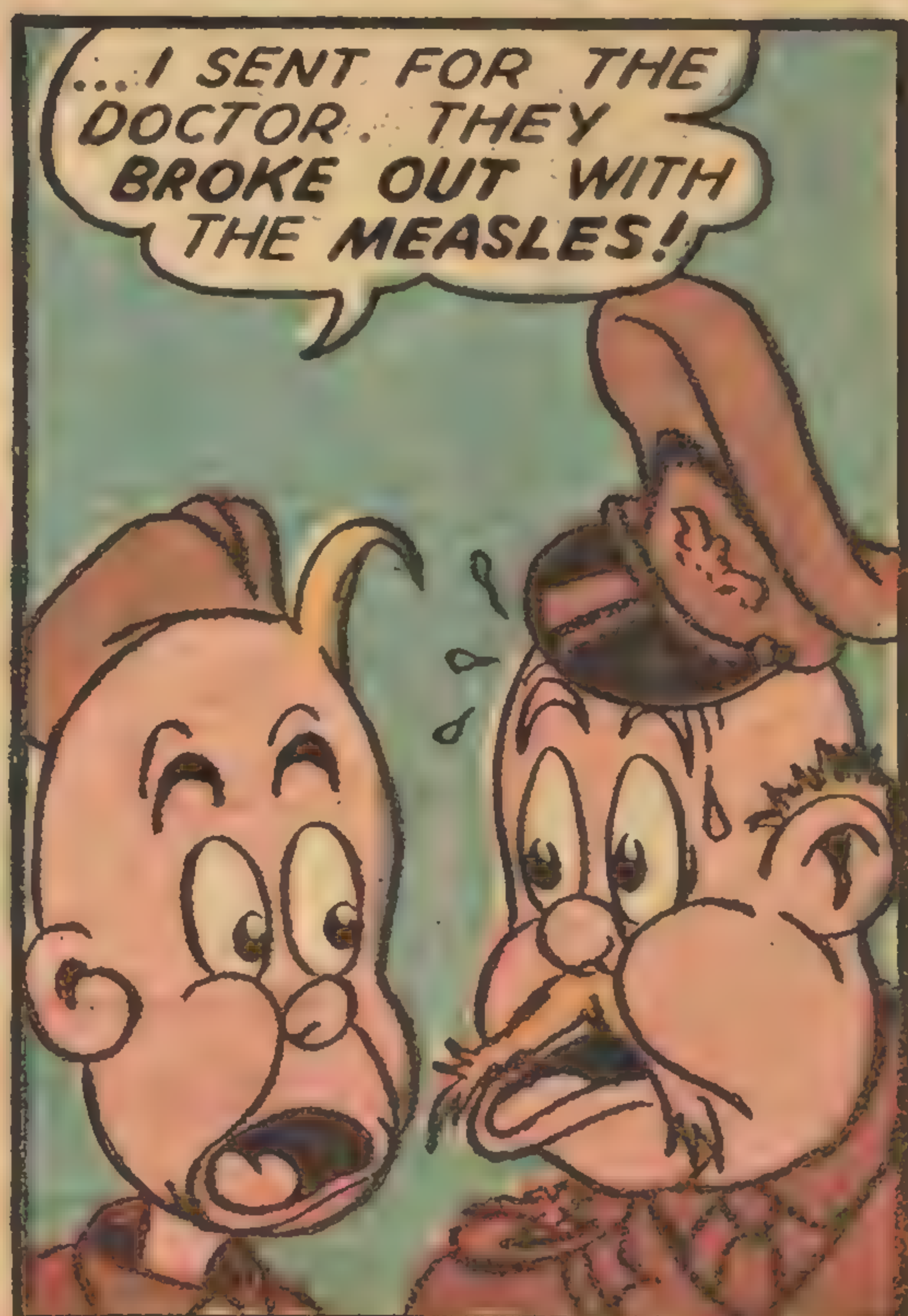
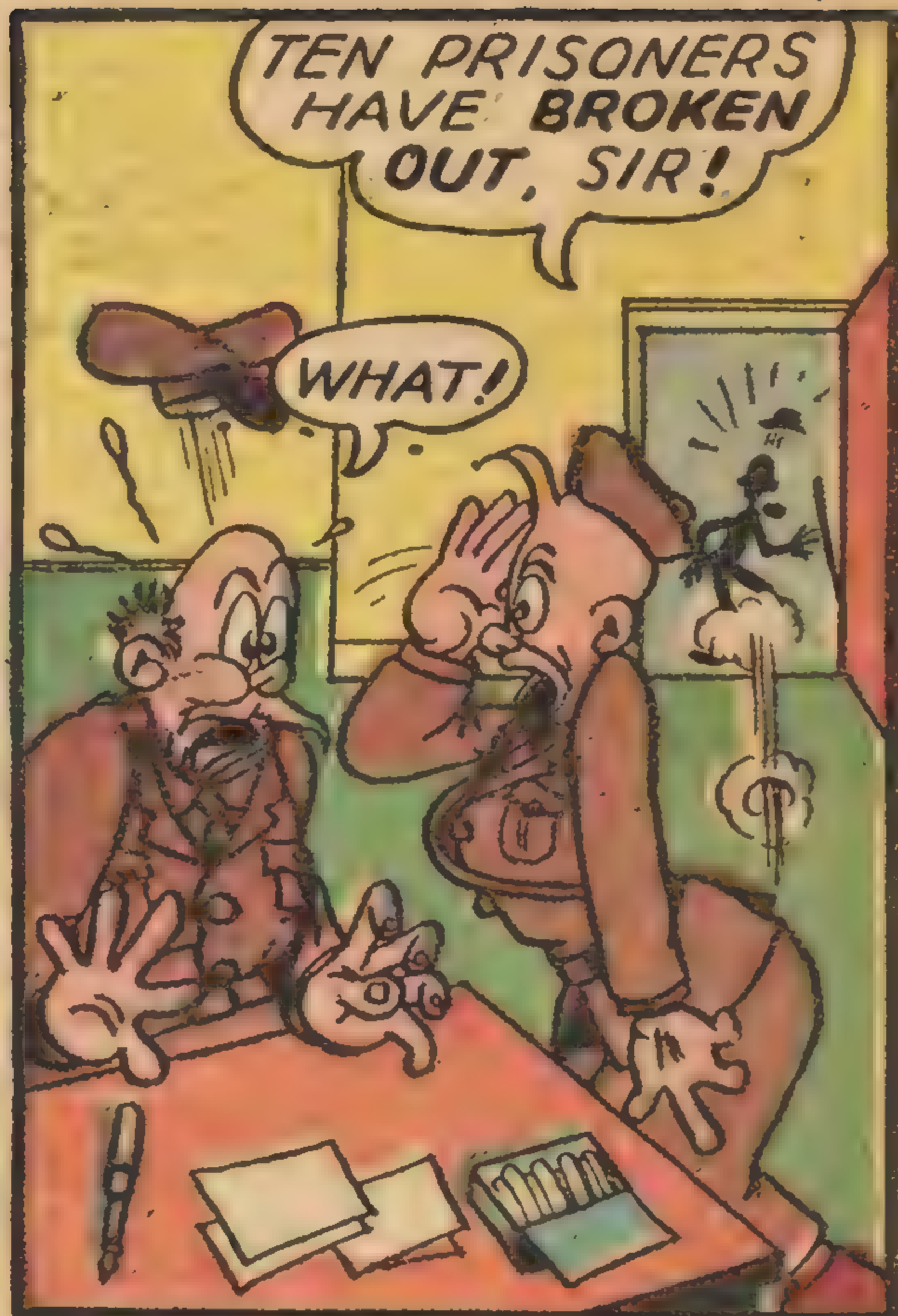
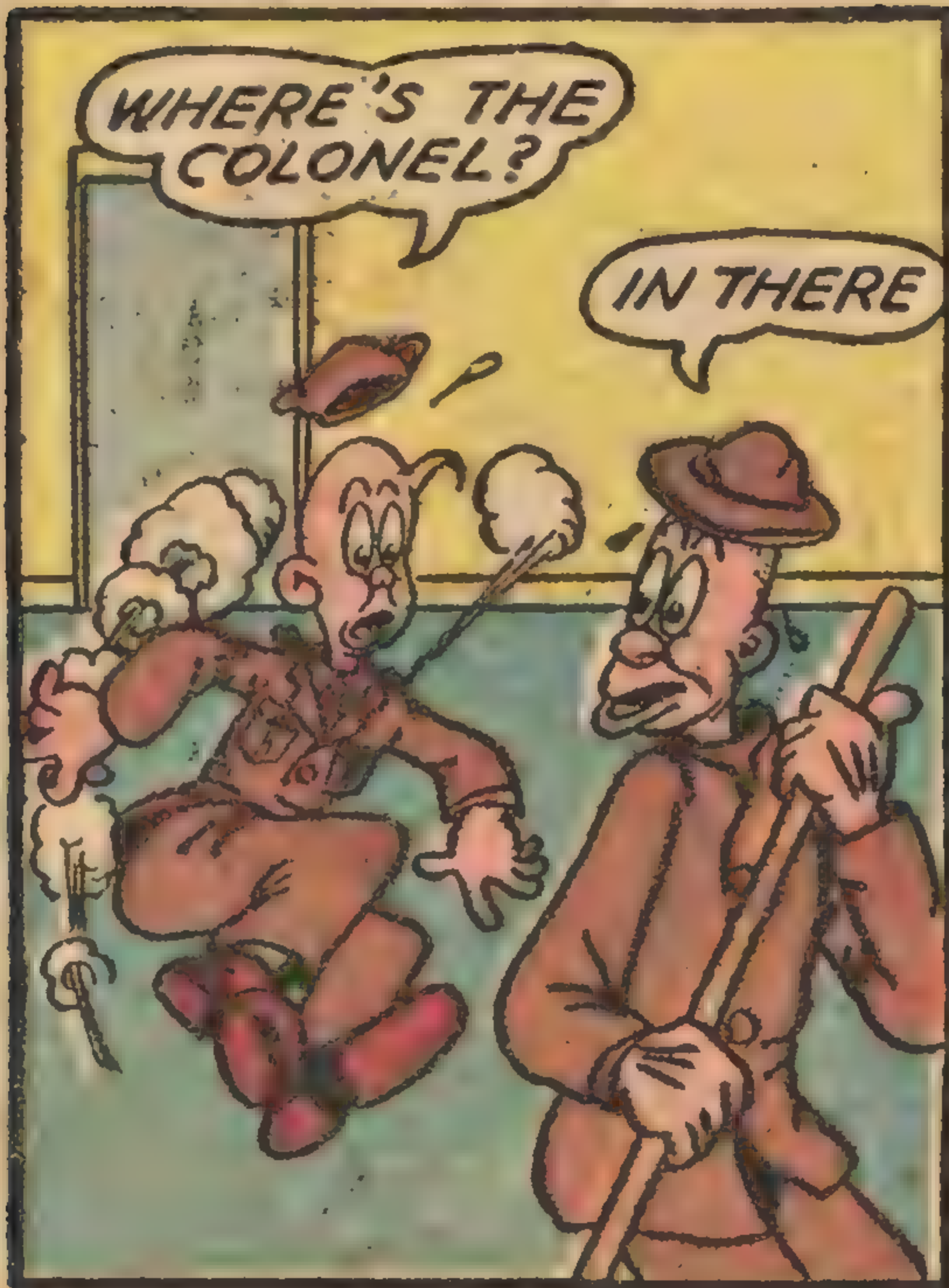
PRIVATE BILL



JUST WHAT TYPE OF
DOLLS ARE YOU
INTERESTED IN?



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★ **BILL** ★

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A. SAPP'S FABLES

BY IMA SAPP

This is the story of an old rooster by the name of Fuller Aches. He was so ancient he could remember when women wore skirts. And he was so rich, he had become stooped from carrying his money bags around on his back.

One night he attended a first class burlesque show, buying one ticket for himself and one for his money bags; because in the past, those sitting behind him had complained that they couldn't see the show while the money bags were on his back.

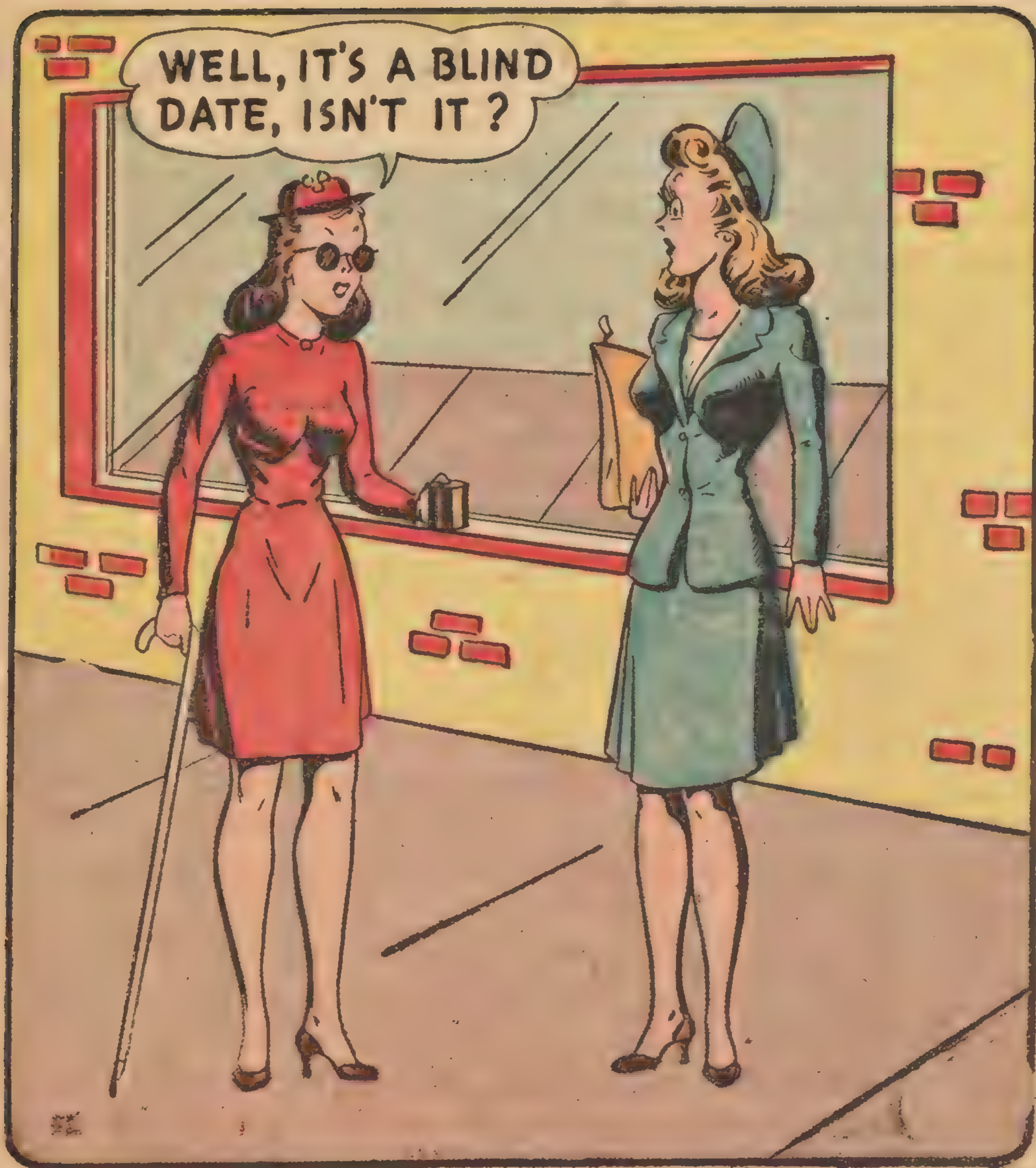
It seems that there was a chorus girl in the show named Genevieve Dupree, according to the program, but she was Sally Dinkelspiel, according to her birth certificate. Well, Genny was a comely wench of about twenty-six, with a displacement of some two hundred pounds. That probably is why old Fuller Aches was able to single her out from all the rest.

After the show, Fuller arranged to meet Genny backstage, where, after taking several squints at her, he decided she was really something. As for Genny, she couldn't take her eyes off his money bags; consequently, it was a case of love at first sight.

And it came to pass that one night, while Fuller was sitting on Genny's lap, he proposed, almost passing out from the exertion.

Genny, badly frightened, suggested they get married the same night; but after he agreed, he started to lift his money bags, and collapsed indefinitely. Genny sorrowfully returned to the chorus.

MORAL: Don't count your rooster before he's hitched.



She: "I don't like that Sailor. He knows too many
dirty songs."

Her: "Does he sing them to you?"

She: "No, but he whistles them."

A. SAPP'S FABLES

BY IMA SAPP

Once upon a time there was a cat. Not a regular cat, but a feline in woman's clothing, and her name was Ruth Less. And what a tongue!

Now Ruth Less had a sister by the name of Ginger. While Ruth's tongue was long and sour, her sister's was short and sweet, and she never wagged it out of turn. Well, this often happens in the best of families.

And it came to pass that both sisters married, neither having anything more important to do at the moment. Ruth took unto herself a timid oaf, half her size, and an absolute nincompoop on his father's side. Ginger fell for a tough, noisy hombre, three times her size and worth his weight in horse-feathers.

Soon thereafter both Ruth and Ginger's tough, noisy hombre entered politics, every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Worse yet, Ruth and her brother-in-law had their eyes on the same political plum. Naturally, things began to happen.

The campaign resolved itself into one of mud slinging. That's where Ruth excelled, and before it was over, her tough, noisy brother-in-law discovered that he had the status of an amateur. Of course, Ginger and her timid oaf brother-in-law were too refined to interfere, preferring to sit on the side-lines and dodge the mud.

Well, the catty Ruth won the election, but the tough, noisy opponent admired her so much he proposed and was accepted. Of course, they divorced their respective spouses; while the jilted couple found they had so much in common, they decided to marry each other.

MORAL: Some wedding bells ring out, others should cry out.

I KNOW IT'S MY FIFTH
WEDDING ANNIVERSARY
BUT, I'M NOT SURE
WITH *WHICH ONE!*



A. SAPP'S FABLES

BY IMA SAPP

This is the story of two business men. They were self-confessed top-flight executives, with the world at their feet or at least near enough to kick it around a little.

Carl Otts was kind to those under him, was quite fair in his dealings, and his nose was quite raw from holding it to the grindstone. He had married a poor but beautiful girl and lived in a nice cottage.

Will Sherk, the other tomato, treated everyone under him like a dog, although there wasn't a canine among them, and his greatest work was at the dinner table.

Carl and his wife saved every cent of their money, and looked forward to the time he could retire, enabling them to travel all over the world. Will and his wife spent their money like the Navy would have liked to if they had as much, and as Will explained, he expected to die young, so they lived in hotels, and had no thought of the future.

And it came to pass that after twenty years, Carl Otts was caught in a bank crash, took ill from worry, and died, taking the only trip he had ever made without his wife. As for Will Sherk, he was able to retire, travel with his wife all over the world and live another twenty years in luxury. You see, his father-in-law had died, leaving him an annuity too big to squander.

MORAL: Hard work, honesty, and regular saving get you



SURELY IF I PAY \$500
FOR A PEARL I OUGHT TO
BE ENTITLED TO THE
OYSTER TOO!

Nurse: "I think that old bos'n is feeling better."

Captain: "How can you tell?"

Nurse: "He tried to blow the foam off his medicine
this morning."

A. SAPP'S FABLES

BY IMA SAPP

Once upon a time there lived a cunning manufacturer who accumulated a fortune making dog biscuits for human consumption.

He had an only daughter, Blaa, who was not only not good looking, but she was awfully dumb besides. She was, however, very wealthy in her own right, having inherited a fortune from the third husband of her father's first wife.

One day, Blaa concluded to buy herself a husband, one not too showy, but whose mental calibre was less than hers. But her father, while having the same thing in mind, decided to get one by holding a contest. He inserted a notice in the Woman's Home Companion that he intended giving his daughter's hand in marriage to the ignoramus giving him the dumbest answer to one question.

And it came to pass that on the day of the contest, the public square was infested with numbskulls attracted by the rich prize offered.

Presently the rich manufacturer arrived with his daughter on his arm and a package of his dog biscuits in his hand. You see, he was a great believer in advertising. Then he submitted his question:

"In the Spanish-American War, which side was victorious?"

One after another the boobs strode up to the platform and dropped their written slips into the empty dog biscuit carton, there for that purpose. Each slip was read and finally one was picked that was written by a moron who had just scalped himself to keep his head from itching. Here's his reply:

"It depends upon who was fighting."

MORAL: You cannot have a mental attitude without a brain.

HEADS I'M A BLONDE
—TAILS I'M A
BRUNETTE!



A. SAPP'S FABLES

BY IMA SAPP

Once upon a time there was a barber named Nick Cheeko. He was so artistic he could engrave his monogram on a patient's neck without losing the patient. His great-grandfather had shaved the head of John the Baptist while it still had a neck under it.

One day a stranger entered the barber shop and walked directly over to Nick's chair, asking for a shave.

Nick had just put on the stranger's bib and was preparing to slop lather on his features and in his mouth, when he saw something enough to make his hair stand on end, if he had owned any. It was a yellow streak on the stranger's neck.

Just that morning Nick had been reading about the ruthless killer with the yellow streak, for whom a reward was offered dead or alive.

Nick excused himself on the pretext of getting some more towels, but instead, he went into the rear room where he called the police and told them he had the murderer with the yellow streak. Then he returned to his chair, determined to hold the killer at any cost.

When the police arrived, however, they found a penitent Nick, who explained that the yellow streak had turned out to be egg the man had eaten, for it had scraped off while Nick was performing the operation.

MORAL: The eggs-act situation must not be eggs-aggerated.



The wife of a man who had enlisted in the Navy handed the pastor of her church the following note:

"Rex Vernon, having gone to sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety." The minister glanced at it hurriedly and announced:

"Rex Vernon, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety."

CAPITAL CHIN CHATTER

By Ida Clare

WASHINGTON

I was among those packed in the press box during the talk the President had with some big-wigs on the subject of food. It was so hot, I know how a sardine must feel just after he has been cooked in his own tomato sauce.

The President started out by saying that labor conditions were better controlled in England than over here. That's enough to make John L. Lewis turn over in his mine-shaft.

Charles McNary came to the defense of canners. The way he championed them, he couldn't have done any better had they promised to send him liberal samples of their products. Charles demanded a higher ceiling. That's a kick, because only a short time ago the canners had no ceiling or even walls and were tickled to death to sleep down in the cellar, along with their list prices.

Justice Jimmy Byrnes jumped into the discussion by saying he didn't think the British situation was analogous to ours. And that's where Jimmy made a serious mistake. Recess had to be called to enable the secretaries to look up the meaning of the word.

Believe me, I was so sore when I found out there wouldn't be anything doing until the following day, I felt like giving them a couple of words that even a child could understand.



CAPITAL CHIN CHATTER

By Ida Clare

I started out to interview the President about his daily routine, but I failed to get past the janitor.

Tony told me that the President has his breakfast in bed at eight, for which I guess he is charged extra. Then he reads a newspaper in English so he knows what's going on.

Next he consults his note book for the day's dates. Mr. Roosevelt, being a gentleman, prefers blondes, but he never goes out with them. Eleanor is his dish, especially when he doesn't have to date her by cable.

Next, he dictates and gabs with his brain trust before going to his office around 10 A.M. All callers, unless he can avoid them, get fifteen minutes apiece. The only exception being super-salesmen. They receive three minutes and a bottle of magnesia.

The President takes an hour for lunch. Tony couldn't tell me whether he gets an extra piece of butter.

In the afternoon, Mr. Roosevelt works until 6:00 P.M., after which he takes either a swim or a shower. Then he dries himself before taking dinner with his family. Usually they have dinner guests, which Tony thought could be included in the expense account.

After dinner, the President sometimes watches a movie, after which he works in his bedroom. Often the light burns until the wee small hours, but Tony didn't know whether it was because Mr. Roosevelt fell asleep thinking of Mr. Hitler. And of course his snoring couldn't be kept a shrillitary secret.

THE PARK-RITZ RESTAURANT

PERSONS 2

WAITER #12

Martini	1.25
Manhattan	1.25
Lobster Thermidor	3.50
1/2 Broiled Chicken	2.75
Chateau Liquor 1.30	8.50
Chateau Liquor 1.30	8.50
Coffee Royale 1.30	8.50
Coffee Royale	50
Crepes Suzettes	50
"	4.00
Cigarettes	4.00
	1.00
Total	46.25
2% Tax	1.00
Total	47.25

DO YOU NEED MONEY? CALL MU. 4-0001
ASK FOR ARTY
HOLDTITE FINANCE CO.
1122 BROADWAY-CITY

CAPITAL CHIN CHATTER

By Ida Clare

Yesterday morning I had breakfast with some big political tomatoes, and the honor gave me a bad case of indigestion.

One of them was Donald Marr Nelson. He was the only one eating a big steak on meatless Tuesday, but the waitress explained to me that he had really bought it at a butcher shop the previous day, so that all the hotel had to do was to broil it for him.

You know, Donald used to be the buyer for Sears, Roebuck. A salesman, a good friend of mine, told me that he had tried to sell Donald a bill of goods, but by the time he had given him all the discounts he wanted, he discovered that his firm owed Sears, Roebuck money. I wouldn't be surprised if that is when the United States Government heard of the transaction and decided the place for Donald was in Washington.

Then there was Lowell Millett. Don't tell me you never heard of him! He's the handy man for Mr. Roosevelt, and confidentially, I understand he is allowed to whisper in either of the President's ears, day or night.

I must not overlook Frankfurter. Not the sausage, but Felix, political adviser to the President. That strikes me as being funny. I always thought Mr. Roosevelt was doing fairly well for himself. Unless, of course, he is worrying about the most graceful way to do a

JEEVES



CAPITAL CHIN CHATTER

By Ida Clare.

Monday I made up my mind to attend the all-women's press conference. As I tried to enter without a ticket some dame, probably a Daughter of the American Revolution, tried to stop me by putting out her overgrown foot. She tripped me, but fortunately I fell inside and before she could be relieved at the door, I got lost in the crowd.

Eleanor Roosevelt was the presiding officer, the meeting having been called for eleven o'clock. Sure enough, her gavel came down with a bang exactly thirty minutes later. Well, girls will be girls, even when they no longer are.

I asked one of the many well-upholstered women where we were, and she replied in the green room of the White House. The room was very plain, so I guessed it must have turned green with envy every time it saw all those fancy dressed gals.

The honor guest of the day was a well-known honey producer, Oliver Sweet, who was also owner of the ~~Wasp~~ville Evening Bee. Beside him were two beautiful samples of honey he had brought along. They were his daughters.

Eleanor then answered questions for a full hour, biting her lips on the tough ones, but not swooning once. The most trying question was submitted by a female runt from Goshen. She wanted to know whether Mr. Roosevelt always knew where Eleanor was nights. It was thrown out as being irrelevant, ear-piercing, and a harsh irritant. And the Goshen hussy followed.

JEEVES



CAPITAL CHIN CHATTER

By Ida Clare

Yesterday I arose at 5:30 in the morning and took a stroll. Believe it or not, I met a lot of others doing the same thing, but I doubt whether their names would make front page news.

I saw many street cleaners, garbage collectors, window cleaners, and vacuum cleaners, and judging from appearances they were doing their best to keep Washington clean. As soon as I get around to it, I'm going to ask whether there is a crew hired to keep Congress the same way.

At about 8:30 I went into a drug-store, ordered a cup of coffee, and received it without a prescription. There were any number of government workers sitting at the tables and also drinking coffee, although now and then one of them would nibble a bicarbonate of soda. Either they were enjoying a case of indigestion or they were afraid the coming day would give them one.

That afternoon I managed to sneak up on J. Edgar Hoover while his back was turned and, before he could turn around, I was introduced to him. As the Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation he must have his nose insured for a million dollars, for without it he wouldn't be able to find out anything.

And here's a laugh. His hobby is collecting Chinese antiques. You would imagine he was only interested in sticking his nose into chinks.

Mr. Hoover's department has about 35,000,000 fingerprints, but I guess he's never satisfied, the way he kept looking lovingly at mine.

TICKETS

CALL

RIDA



**SH-H! WE RAN
OUT OF ETHER!**





CAPITAL CHIN CHATTER

By Ida Clare

Tuesday I barged in on big Bill Jeffers, the ex-rubber man who stretched the product so far it snapped him right off his throne.

I was anxious to hear what happened at the meeting he had with those four leading firms that struggle along trying to make a living from manufacturing rubber gadgets. I refer to the two Good twins, Rich and Year, also Firestone and U. S. Rubber Products.

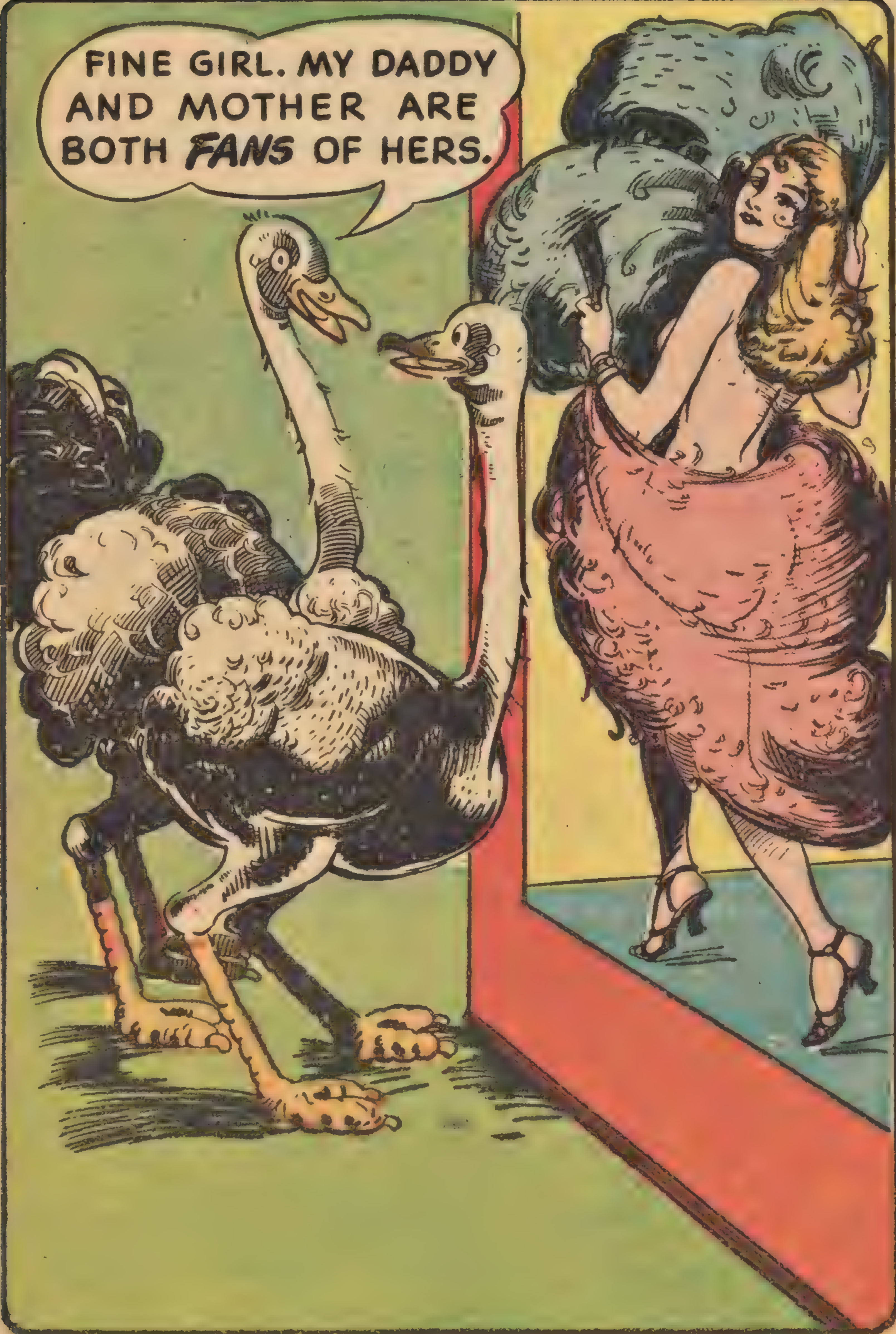
Bill told me that they enjoyed a lovely afternoon, with wafers and cocoa for everyone present. He said he expected one of them to suggest that he be given all the tires he would need for the rest of his driving days but, instead, they presented him with a rubber band to go around his resignation as Rubber Czar.

An important agreement, however, came out of the meeting. They decided that the automobile of the future should continue to have rubber tires under it. The decision was applauded unstintingly.

While I was with Bill Jeffers, Mr. Chenoweth, a fleshy gentleman now working in Congress, came to call. It seems that Mr. Chenoweth comes from Colorado, although I doubt if from Denver, because he doesn't look as though he could ever have a cough. He did, however, have a violent bark which he used whenever he referred to a submarine-chaser that Mr. Roosevelt gave as a present to Princess Martha of Norway.

Evidently Mr. Chenoweth didn't like it, but I told him to drink more whisky straight and he wouldn't give a darn if the Princess got the chaser.

FINE GIRL. MY DADDY
AND MOTHER ARE
BOTH *FANS* OF HERS.



EXCERPTS FROM LETTERS TO THE VETERAN'S ADMINISTRATION

Please send me my allotment as I have a four-months-old baby and he is my only support.

Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife and child.

Please find out for sure if my husband is dead, as the man I am living with won't eat or do anything until he nose for sure.

I have no children. My husband was a truck driver and worked day and night.

They do not have a cow at their house and only have milk as their sisters can give it to them.

For the little I can pay, all I can get is young boys. It takes a man to do any good around here. What shall I do?

Enclosed please find my wife's form. I don't know how to fill it out. Will you do it for me?

P.S. We don't have any children.

My oldest boy is not illegitimate. He can read and write just like anyone else.

Answering your letter, I have just given birth to a girl of seven pounds. Is this all right or will I have to fill out my form again?

A hired man helps me some, but I can't pay him enough to keep him with me all the time.

In answer to your letter, I don't have any children. Just to show you how bad things is, I had some kittens last month, but had to give them away as I didn't have any milk for them. Please send me some money right away.

WHY SHOULDN'T THE
CARS BE MOVING? YOU'RE
LOOKING OUT THE
WINDOW!



NERTZERY RHYMES

Once upon a midnight dreary, Craven Hitler, crocked and
bleary,

Guzzled beer within a tavern named 'Mein Kampf' for some-
thing dead.

While he lounged there, mean and stinking — yea, my
brethren, I mean stinking,

Soon he heard a gentle knocking, like a love-tap full of lead.

There were noises in his noggin, in that low-brow, scheming
noggin,

Loud enough to drive him nutty, drive him there and shut
the door.

First they sputtered 'round like static, then they pounded
on his attic,

'Til the Craven, though rheumatic, did a tail-spin on the floor.

Ah! distinctly he went loco, daffy in his pin-head koko,

He saw lizards chasing hiccoughs, then he saw them in
reverse;

Soon he lapsed into a stupor, what is called a stupor duper,

With the noises getting fainter, though his jag-on jagged
on worse.

Now the Craven still is lying, that's his long suit, always
lying

On the floor inside that tavern, in a town once called Berlin,

Not an eyelash ever flutters, and the big cheese seldom
mutters,

Though the rats from outside gutters nibble pieces off his
chin.

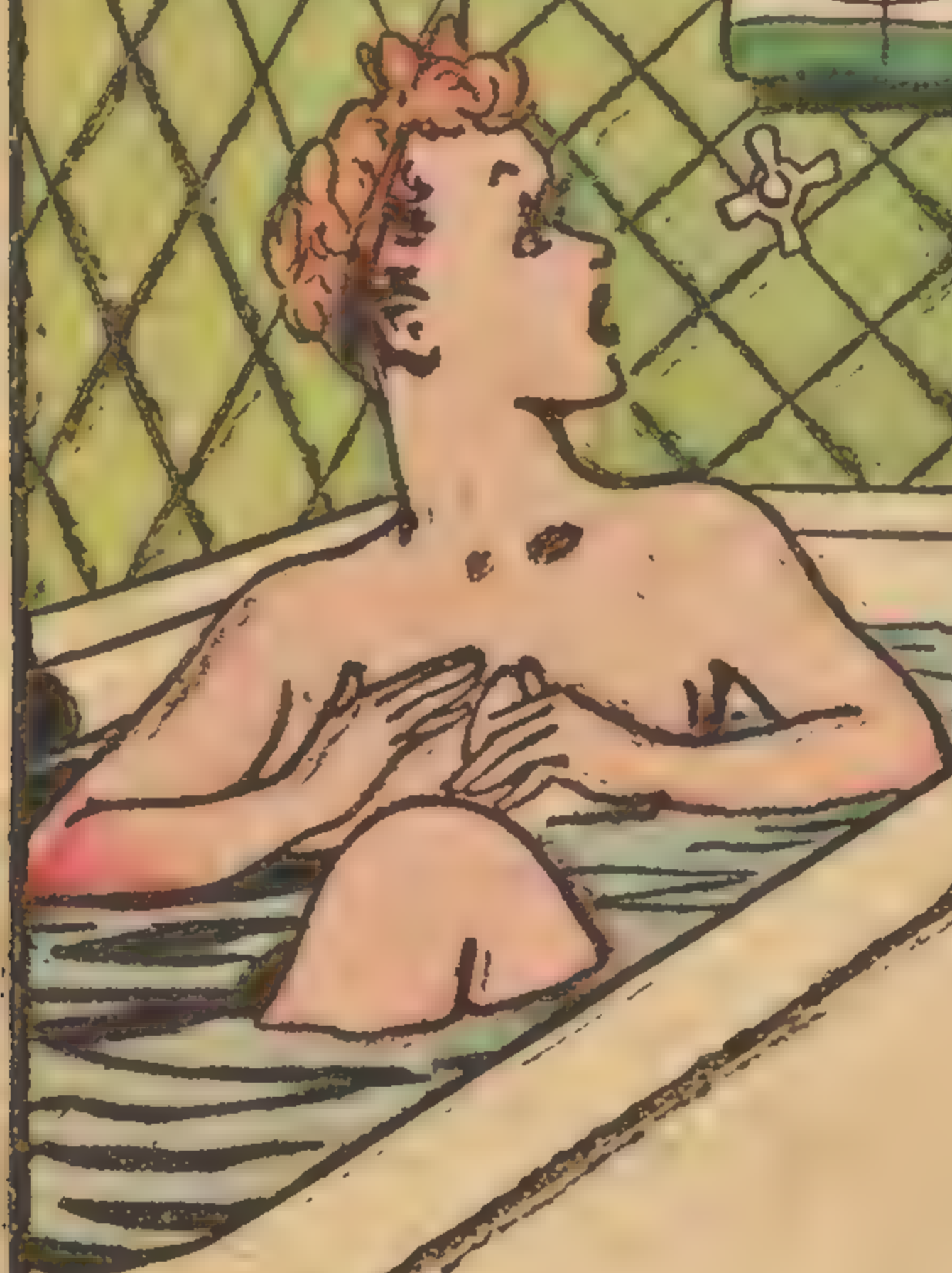
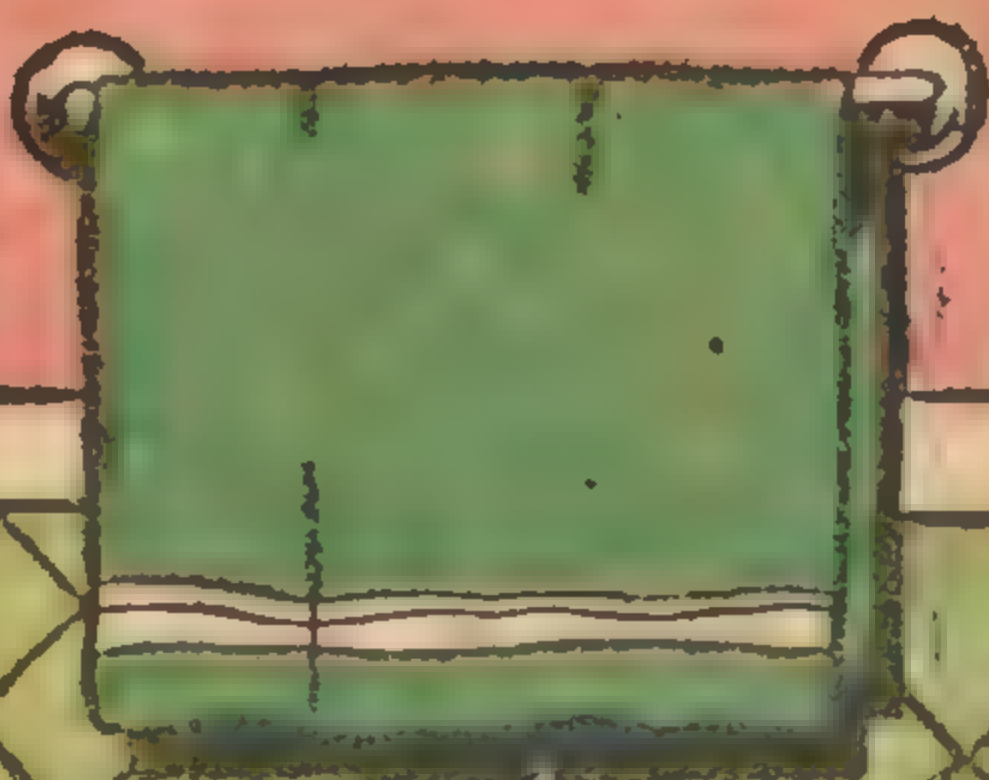
But his eyes have all the meaning of a mug of beer that's
steaming,

While the lamp-light o'er him streaming makes him ghostly
on the tile.

Now and then from out that shadow lying fast as a pile

Comes a German voice quite faintly. Quoth the Craven,
"Fuehrer, Hell!"

SORRY LADY, BEFORE
7 A.M. ONLY 5 MINUTE
PARKING!





HE ALWAYS GETS
THE HICCUPS
AFTER A
FULL MEAL!

MY GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER
FOUGHT IN THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR,
MY GRANDFATHER FOUGHT IN THE
CIVIL WAR... AND MY FATHER AND
MOTHER FIGHT ALL THE TIME.



AMERICA'S

Most Famous Quartet of

LAUGH PROVOKERS

YANKEE

COMICS

PRIVATE BILL

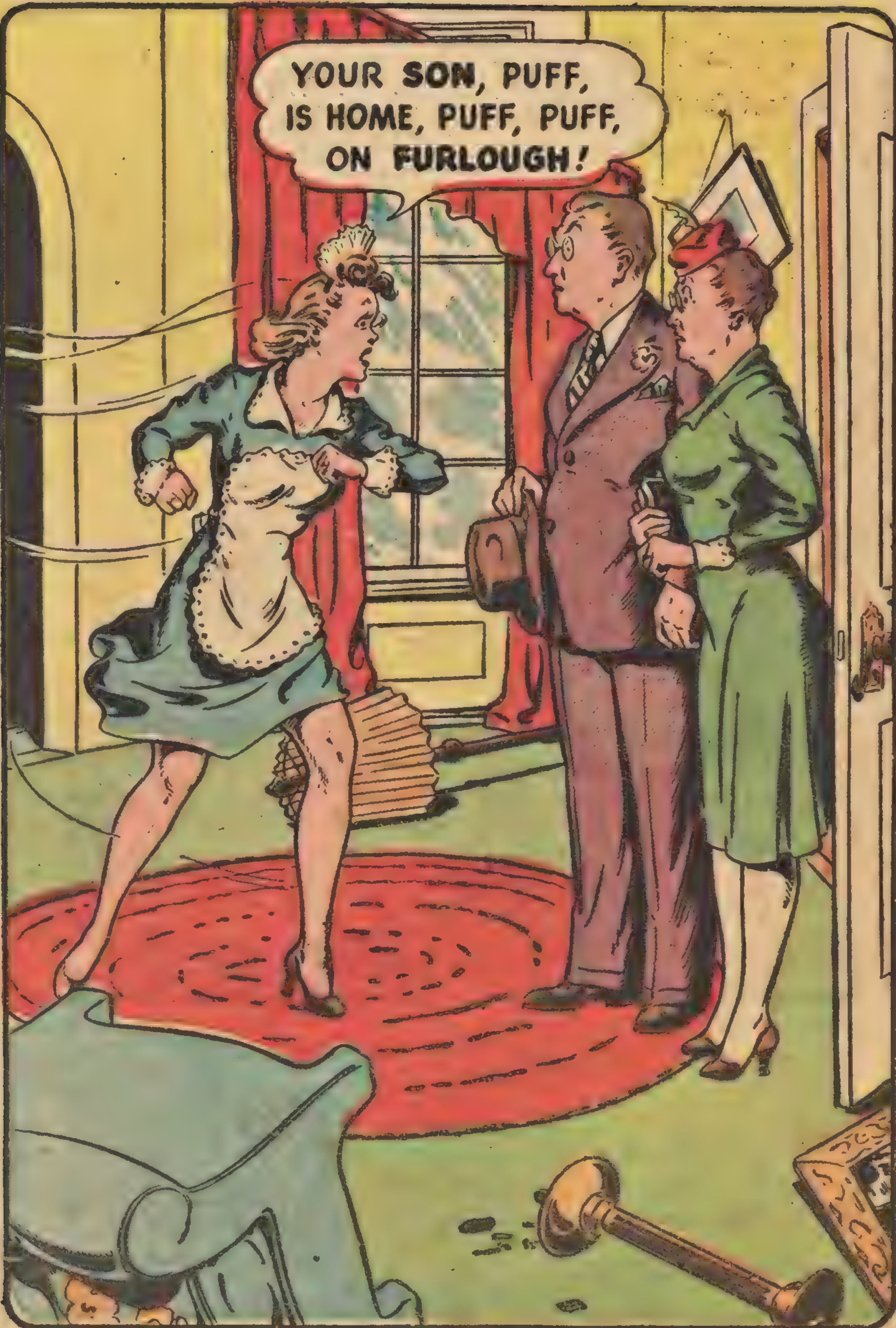
MIRTH

OF A NATION

RIGGIN' BILL

Now at Your Favorite Newsstand

**YOUR SON, PUFF,
IS HOME, PUFF, PUFF,
ON FURLOUGH!**





Mate: "My wife gets historical when I stay out late."

Ensign: "Don't you mean hysterical?"

Mate: "No, historical. She digs up my past!"



BUT, PARSON
THIS IS SO
SUDDEN!



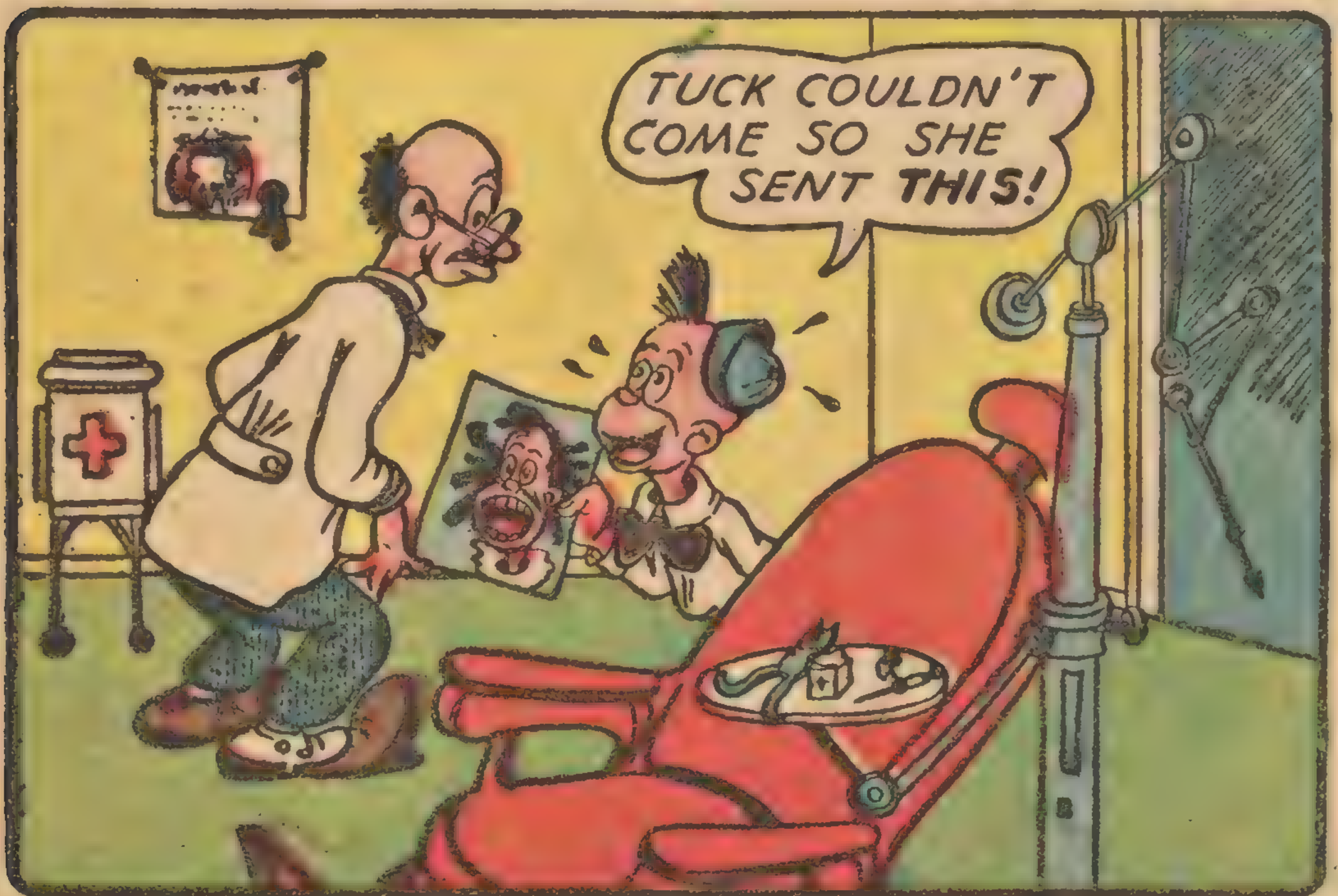
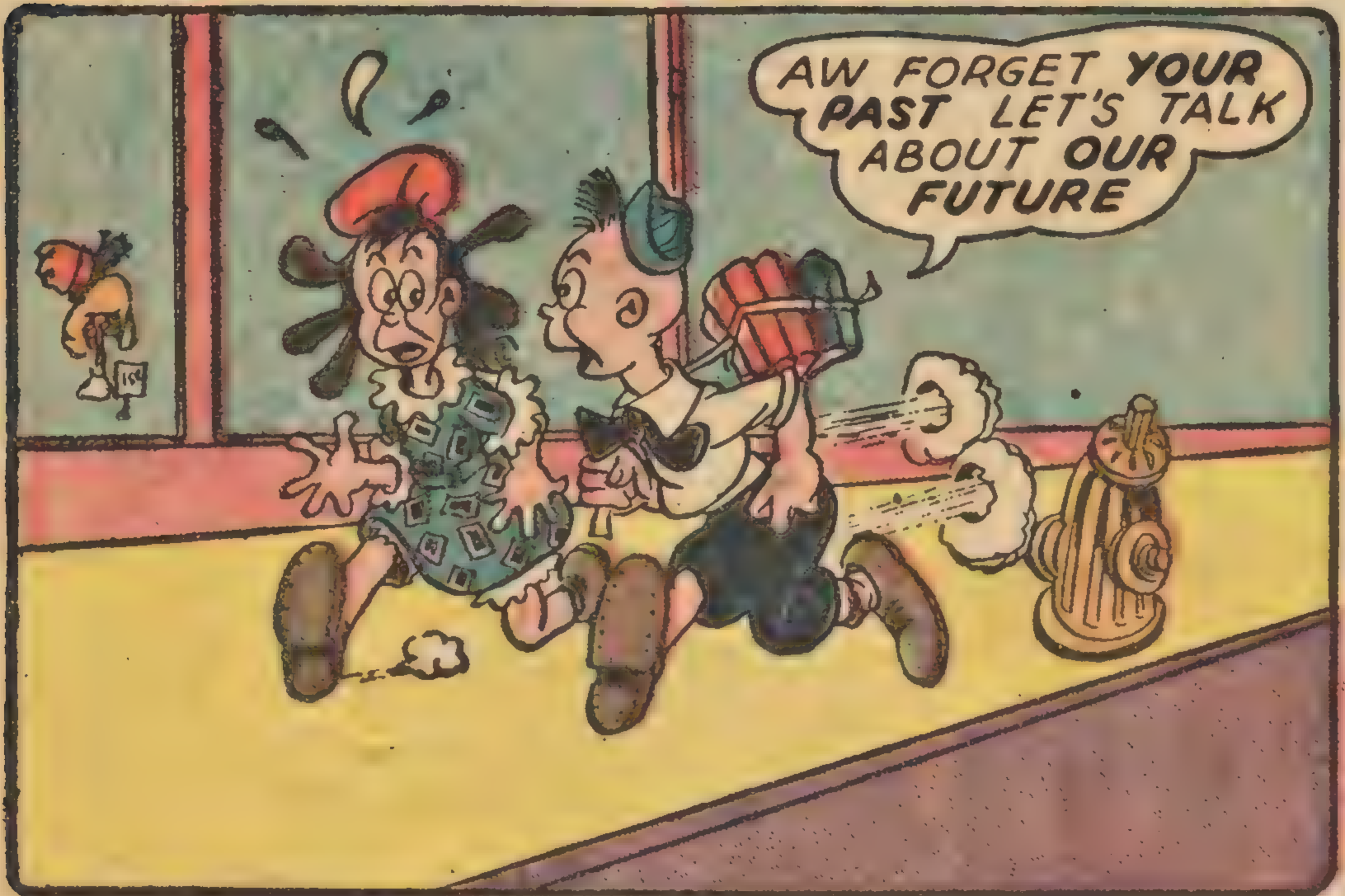
Mate: "Was your girl pleased when she put on the new bathing suit you gave her?"

Gob: "I should say so. You should have seen her beam!"

HOW MUCH? THERE'S
FIVE OF US!



BIB & TUCKER



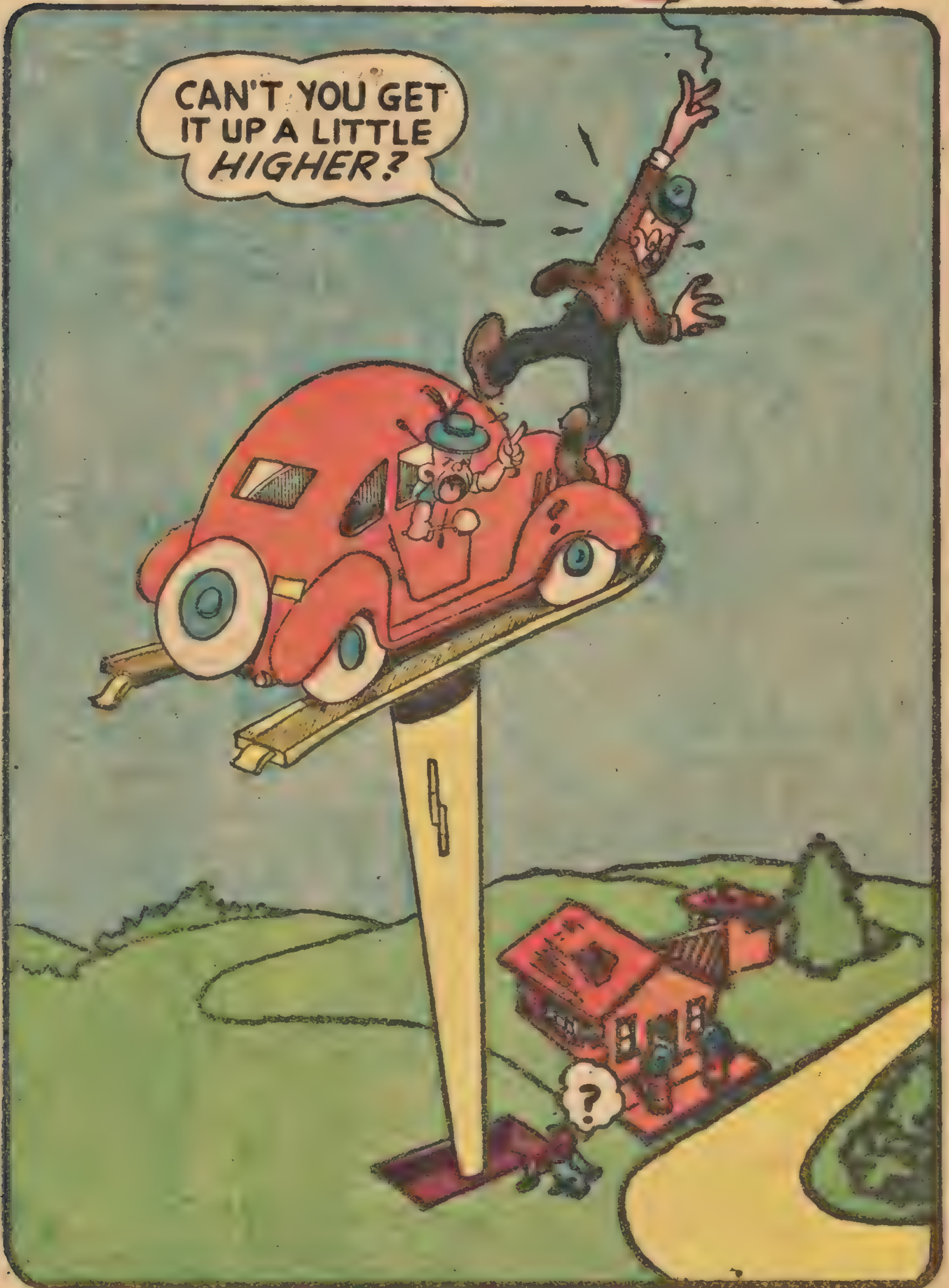
SOMEONE SHOULD WARN
BETTY. IN COLLEGE HE
WAS VOTED AS THE ONE
MOST LIKELY TO —



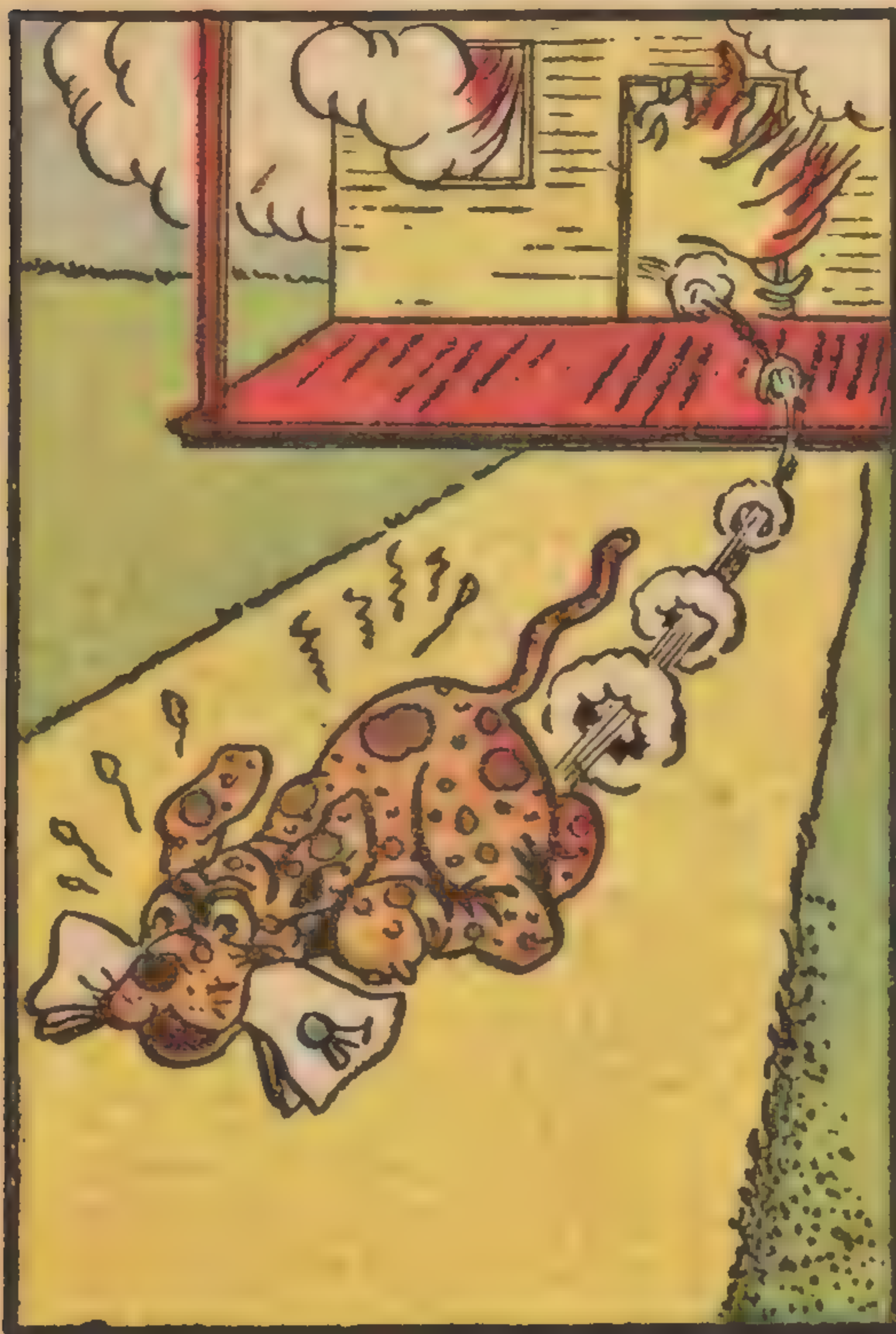
BOODINI



JUNIOR



SPOTS



COULD YOU WAG
YOUR TAIL IF YOU'D
GONE THROUGH ALL
FIFI HAS IN LIFE?





Father: "Let me tell you something, young man.
My daughter is altogether too good for you."
Sailor: "Yes, I know. She got out and walked
last night."

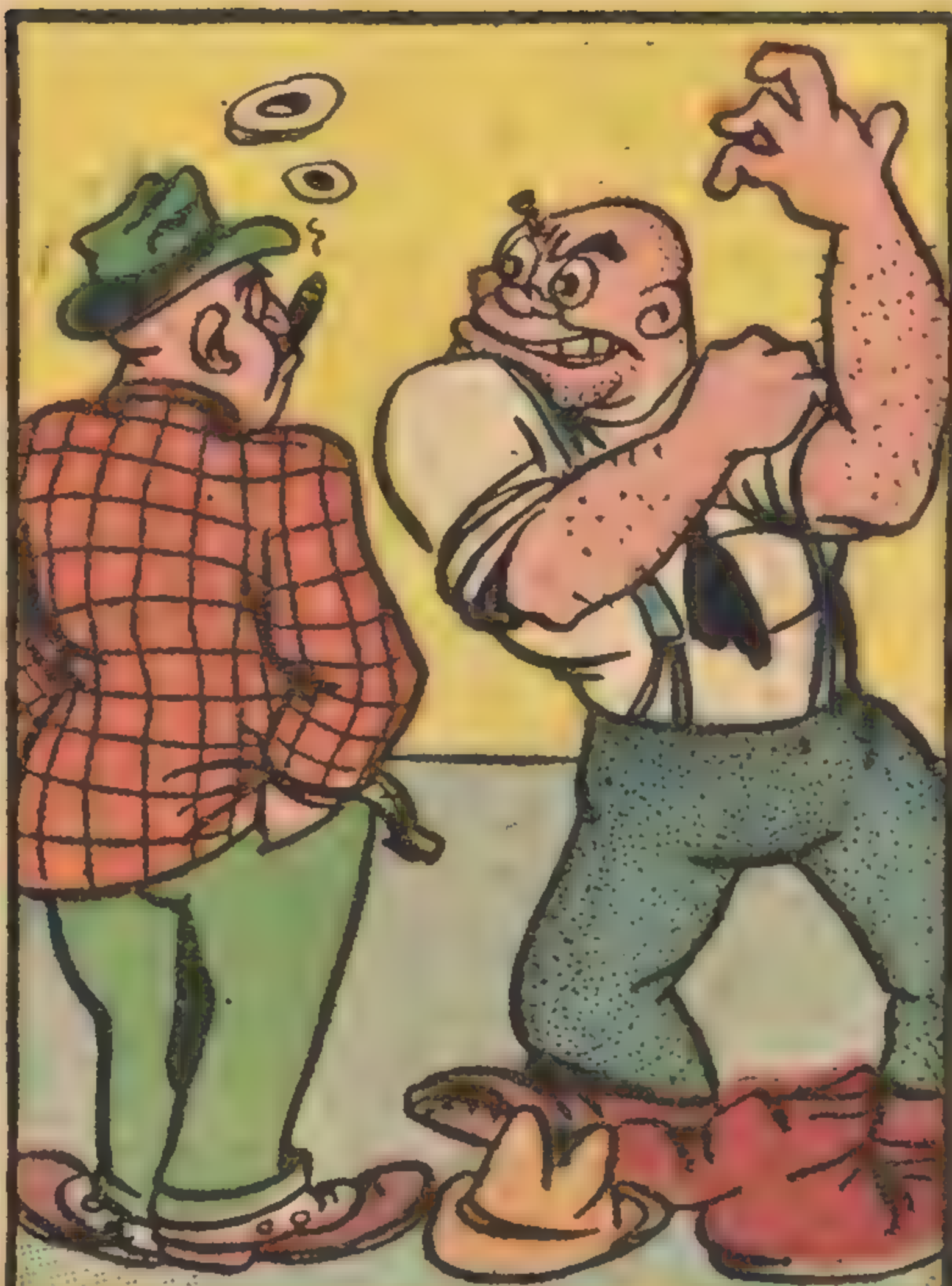
BUTCH



BUTCH



ONE FOR THE MONEY



TWO FOR THE SHOW



THREE TO MAKE READY



AND FOUR TO GO



THE DEWLITTLE FAMILY





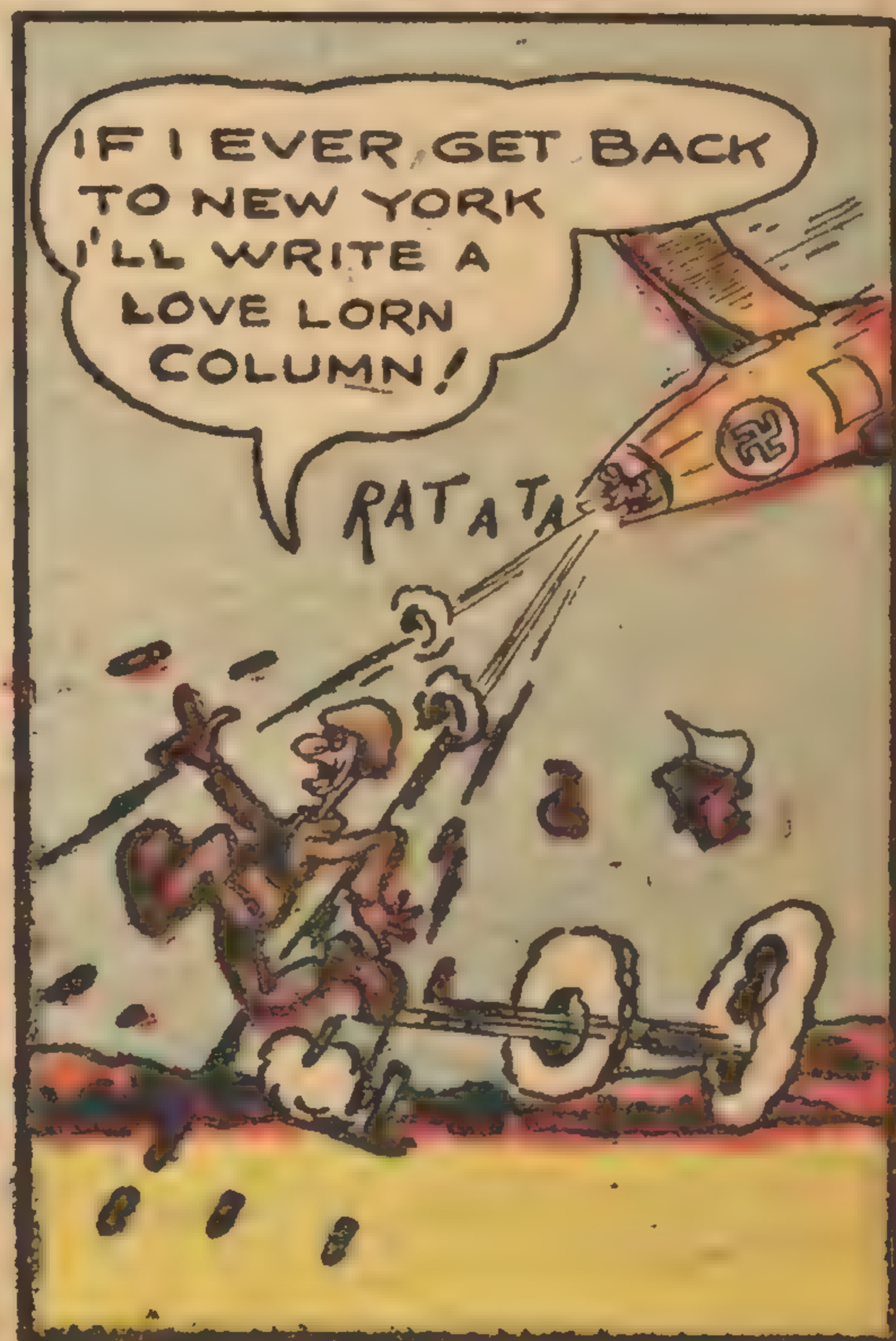
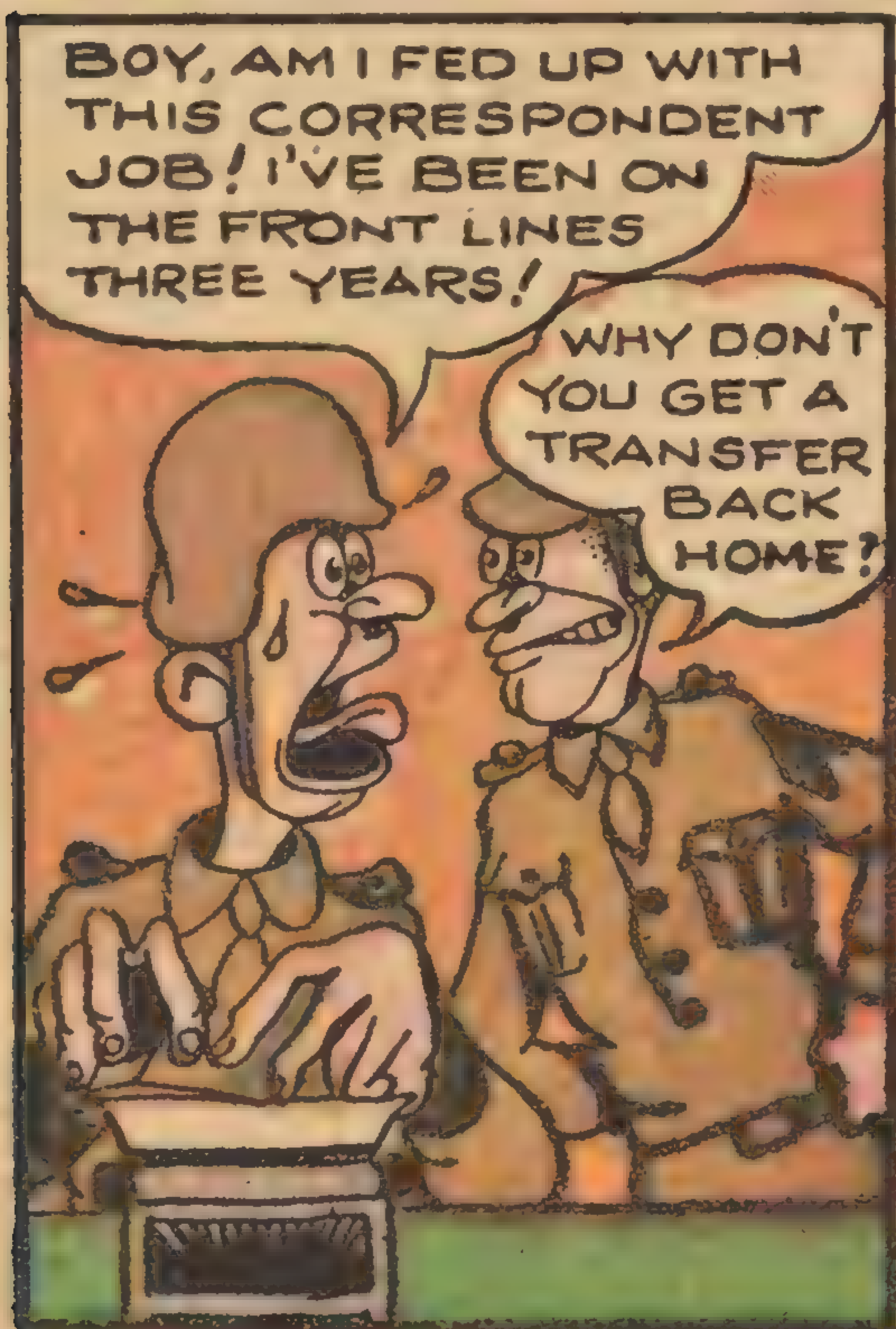
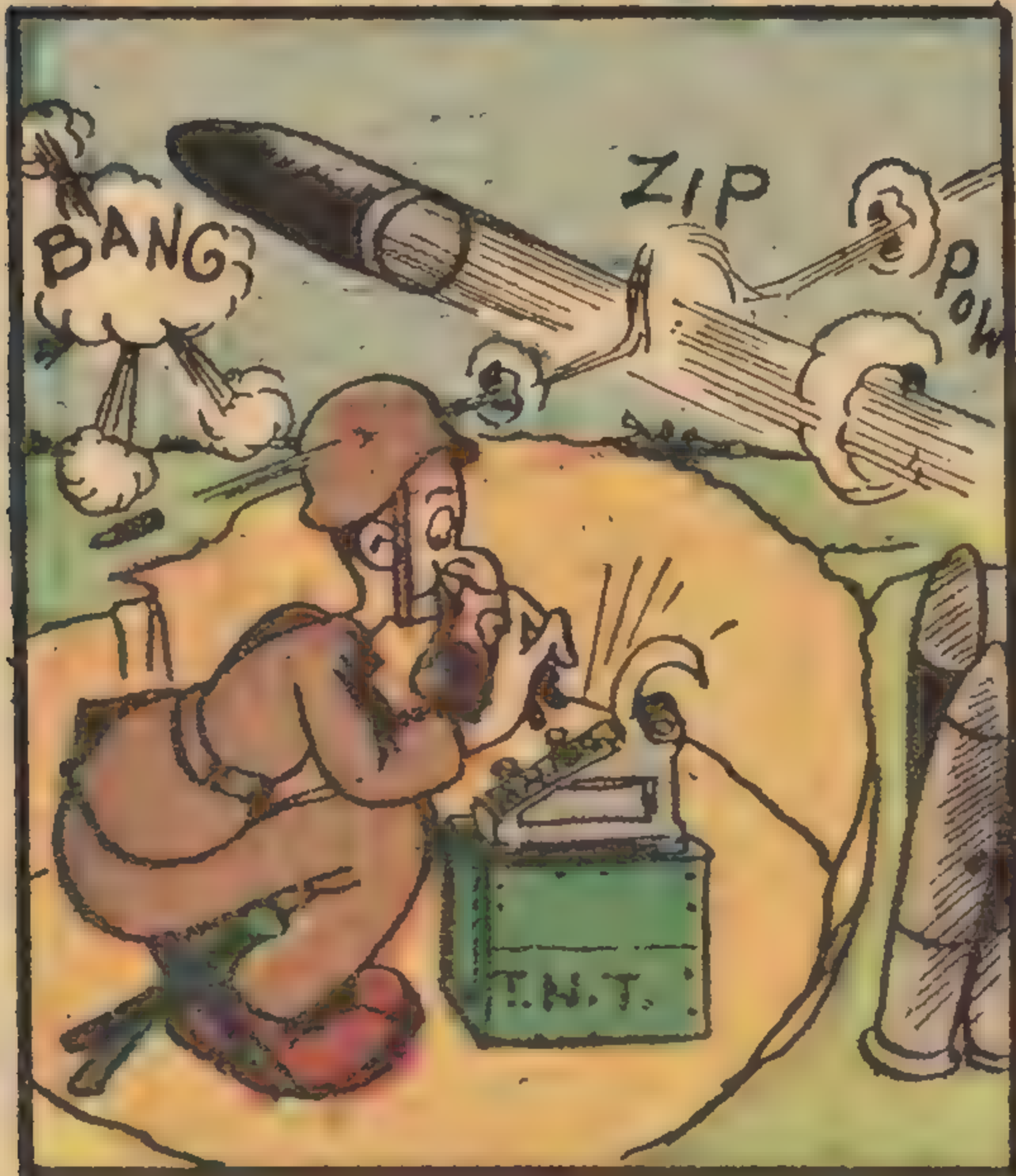
IT'S TH' LARGE
ECONOMY SIZE!





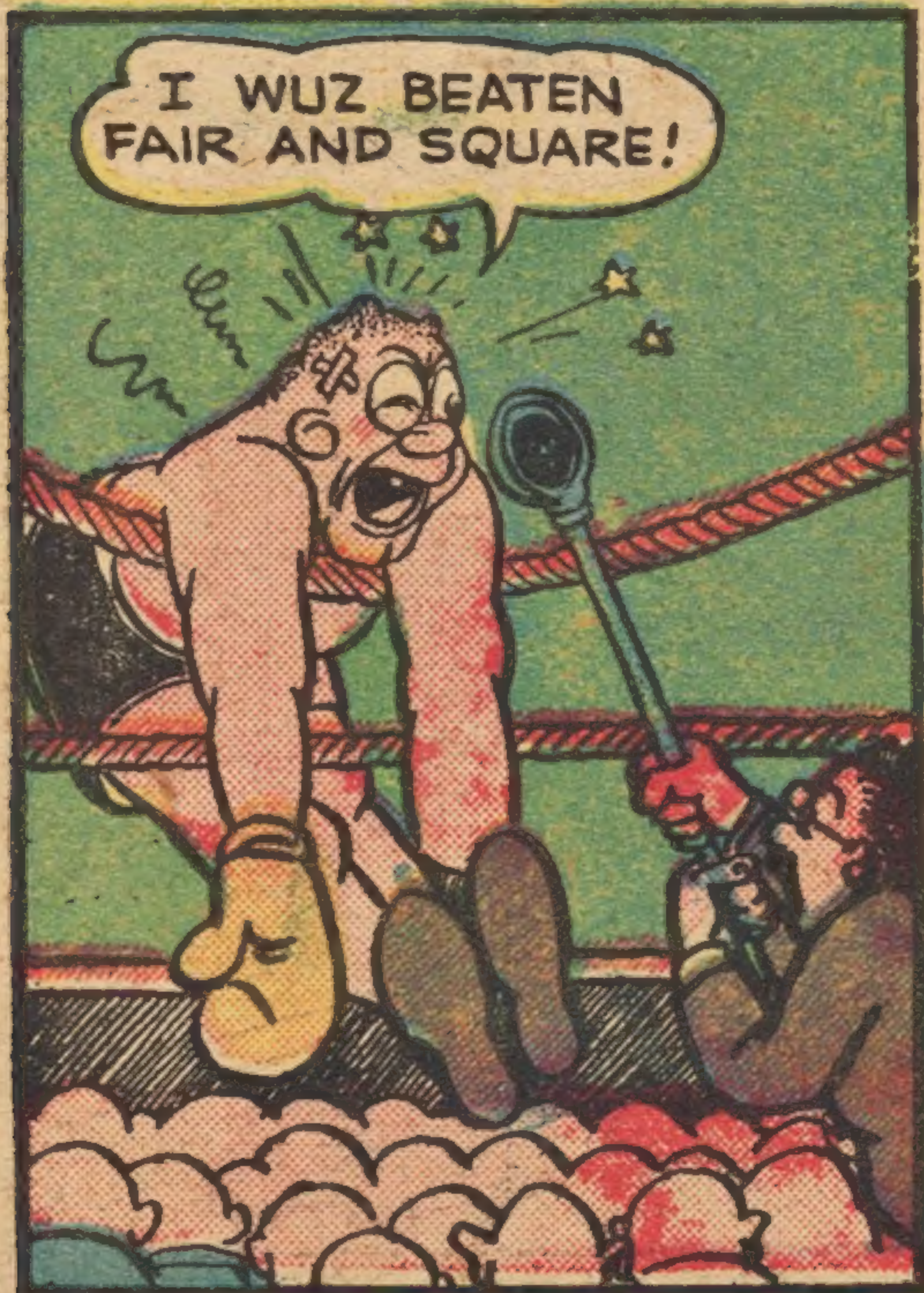


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